

HER TWO PARTNERS.

By SPENCER TROWBRIDGE.
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Several married women were discussing over their afternoon tea the matter of choosing a husband. Mrs. Brown advocated giving way to love, no matter how unpromising a match might be otherwise. Mrs. Tinker considered common sense the most desirable trait to look for in a life partner. Mrs. Evans declared that, after all that had been said against marriages for money, without it there could be no comfort and without comfort love is short lived. Mrs. Twitchell declared that no man could ever have won her who was not a fascinating conversationalist.

"Your remark, Mrs. Twitchell," said Mrs. Anderson, "reminds me of a story—a story in which I was the principal actor. When I was eighteen I went to visit a schoolmate whose father was very intimate with the superintendent of an insane asylum. During my visit a dance was given for the patients, and we were all invited. None of us relished going, but my host was much interested in the sufferers and insisted on our doing our part.

"My first partner was so queer looking and had such a restless, anxious look in his eye that I was afraid of him. Every now and again he would pause or stop short in the dance to look at some other mental wreck, and once I was dreadfully frightened for fear he was going to attack a demure little woman who of all those present looked the most tractable. My partner said very little to me, and when I addressed a remark to him he barely answered me. He seemed preoccupied. I fancied that he considered every one I met his natural enemy and if I escaped being strangled by him before the dance was finished I would be fortunate. I was much relieved when the music stopped.

"My second partner was very different. He was about thirty-five years old and handsome as a picture. I shall never forget the quiet, well poised look in his eyes. The matron introduced him to me and as she did so whispered something to me which I understood to be that he was an invited guest. But if he had not so informed me I should have been sure that he was of perfectly sound mind. He made several remarks to me in the intermissions of the dance that caught my attention at once, and I longed to listen to his conversation. Such a man at such an age is just the person to impress a young girl who is naturally flattered by any notice he deigns to bestow upon her. As soon as the dance was finished I put my arm through his that I should not lose him.

"He talked delightfully. He was a graduate of an American, a German and an English university. He had traveled everywhere and had the faculty of imparting not only information on abstruse topics, but of making one seem to visit the places he had visited. His favorite topic was biology. I remember his telling me that aculeates were getting every day nearer to a knowledge of the source of life, and he surprised me by telling me that the day would come when they would by chemical substances and forces produce protoplasm, the fundamental living substance.

"While we were chatting my first partner passed us and gave my companion a look which I flattered myself was due to jealousy. I had no mind to be interrupted in my tête-à-tête and showed by apparent raptness that I was absorbed in what was being said to me.

"My partner after this, continuing his remarks on the source of life, grew animated. He made me feel that he was a superior being sent down from heaven to demonstrate that our mortal part is nothing more than a chemical combination to hold the soul during its preparation for another existence. My enthusiasm waxed with his. But, though I was rapt in what he said, there was a dual current of thought in my mind, a feeling of how happy I could be with, how proud of, such a husband.

"Again my first partner came near us, and again I noticed that he was wrought upon by jealousy. True, he was a lunatic, but I was at an age to be pleased even at the jealousy of an unbalanced mind. His insanity need not necessarily interfere with his taste. At that moment my companion gave my arm a clutch that caused me to shiver with pain, shouting, 'I will force your soul from your body and put it back again.' And from the look in his eye I knew that he was free to do so he would murder me.

"I heard a sharp whistle. In a moment my first partner was holding my second, and in a few seconds more I was joined and assisted by several keepers. The man I admired was hustled off like a felon, and the man I did not admire superintended his removal.

"Well, to end the story, it turned out that my first partner was a brilliant young doctor who as medical director of the asylum was studying mental diseases. My second was a lunatic of no special education who had picked up a smattering of various sciences. Such was the judgment of a girl of marriageable age between two men as to which she would marry. I have two daughters, and I am determined that neither of them shall marry without my approval."

"Your husband, I believe," said one of the auditors, "is the eminent brain specialist. Was he your first partner?"

"Yes, and my partner for life."

"At your mother's suggestion?"

"No," replied the story teller. "I acted on my own judgment."

ITALIANS IN THE SOUTH

Farms And Prizes the Inducements to Settlers

BIG COLONY ESTABLISHED

Experimental Settlement at St. Helena, N. C., and Prominent New York Italians Go South to Inspect It.

New York, July 10.—Combining motives of business with an opportunity to get out of the city over the 4th of July, a party of Italian investigators of this city has been spending the past few days in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C.

The party is headed by Luigi Solari, president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and its membership includes Felice Ferrero, brother of William Ferrero, the noted historian and sociologist, and Father Boppo of the Church of the Transfiguration.

Its purpose is to look into the workings of an experimental Italian colony already established at St. Helena, N. C., and named after the Queen of Italy. On that colony 230 Italians are working to demonstrate what can be done with land, at present uncultivated, in the direction of raising truck garden crops to supply the New York market.

The lead is along the Carolina coast in easy reach from New York, and the plan on foot is to make the present experiment the vanguard for a large Italian movement provided it is successful.

The Italians are the guests of Hugh McRae, a Wilmington banker, who is fostering co-operative colony movements for Southern lands, not only among the Italians but also among the Germans, Hollanders and Poles. Dr. Frederick Van Eeden of Amsterdam, Holland, is now touring his own country in an effort to enlist a thousand or more colonists to take up a stretch of this coastwise land, which he picked out last spring. The Dutch colony is expected in the fall.

The Italian colony of St. Helena is the first of the foreign settlements, and provided a favorable report is made up on it a veritable "Little Italy" may spring up there before the summer months are over.

It is not thought that the new settlers will be drawn very extensively from New York, but from the Northern provinces of Italy, where the population is already given to farming. The ladders of the movement, in their anxiety to make the invasion of foreigners a real one, are nursing the preliminary colonies with great care.

A mule, seeds, fertilizer, a shanty, and a ready market for the wood cleared off the new farms, is readily furnished each colonist as "a starter." In addition a prize of \$10 is given for each child born in the colony, and the promoters are careful to see that the colonists come in family groups.

While opposition to making the South heretofore spared from the general immigration wave, a participant in it from now on might be looked for, it appears that a prize of \$10 is given for each child born in the colony, and the promoters are careful to see that the colonists come in family groups.

The Wilmington Commercial club met the New York Italians at the depot and made them their guests. An endorsement of the movement by Ben Tillman, was exhibited as follows:

"Having myself been very pronounced in expressing the idea that Italians were undesirable emigrants for South Carolina, a sense of justice compels me to say that, having watched the people of Italy with that very question in view, I shall feel that the people of Naples and those of Southern Italy whom I saw at Salerno and Ancona are not the type we would like to have. From Rome northward the impression on me is entirely favorable, and I feel sure that if we could get any of the northern Italians into the Southern states they would make good citizens and help in every way to assist the white race in solving the race problem."

FOUR CHILDREN AT BIRTH.

Wife of Preacher From Chicago The Proud Mother.

Northampton, Mass., July 10.—Residents of the little country town of Goshen have an interesting subject for gossip in the arrival of the new preacher from Chicago with eight children, four of whom are a double pair of twins, or quadruplets. The mother is the wife of the Rev. Samuel Howe Seaborn, who has come to a pastorate which pays only \$600 a year.

The oldest child of the family is fourteen. The four babies are three weeks old. The mother is forty-five years old and the father fifty. The father is a native of New England, but has lived in Chicago many years, and until this quartet came no children had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Seaborn for four years. The weight of the quadruplets, two boys and two girls, is: First boy, seven pounds; second boy, five pounds; first girl, four pounds, and second girl, four and a half pounds.

A Prodigy.

I know a small boy, and his ways I observe
With close, affectionate care,
I'm told that his face has a classical curve
And that sunshine glows soft in his hair.
These characteristics but slightly impress
My mind as in wonder complete
I note with some envy, I'm forced to confess
The things which that youngster can do!

His sayings are often repeated with gloze
As vast revelations of wit,
But it isn't his mental display that I prize
With me has a particular hit.
It's the placid assurance, the gusto
With which he can dine and repeat
And then take a new encore, I'm charmed to behold.

The way that the youngster can eat.
—Washington Star.

Syrup of Figs
and
Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50 A BOTTLEPREACHER JILTED AT
ALTAR FOR OLD LOVE.
As 200 Wedding Guests Await Her Coming Bride-elect Calls Off the Ceremony.

Mattison, Ill., July 10.—While her fiancé, the Rev. Joseph Snodgrass, waited at the altar beside the organ, and the wedding guests craned their necks to get a first glimpse of the bride, Miss Fannie Doty changed her mind about becoming the wife of the preacher and sent her father to inform the guests that the wedding had been postponed indefinitely.

The announcement of Miss Doty's engagement to the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass of Hammond, Ind., was made several months ago, and preparations for the wedding have been going on for three weeks. The ceremony was to have been performed at the home of the prospective bride, who is a daughter of Marion Doty, a wealthy farmer, six miles east of Mattison.

The affair was to have been the most elaborate social event in the history of Cook county, and more than two hundred guests had been invited. Most of them were at the Doty residence. At 8 o'clock the Rev. Snodgrass and the minister who was to perform the ceremony entered the parlor. There was an embarrassing wait for the bride, and when one of the groomsmen was sent to ascertain the cause of the delay he returned with the girl's father, who announced the postponement. The guests departed and the wedding supper went unattended.

The Rev. Mr. Snodgrass returned to his home in Hammond street without commenting on the postponement and Miss Doty refuses to say why the ceremony was not performed.

The girl's friends say the preacher was jilted at the last moment for an old sweetheart with whom Miss Doty had quarreled previous to her engagement.

MAIL ORDER HUSBAND BOTH
A REAL ONE AND A JOKE
His Wife Falls to Laugh, and It Costs "Mr. Jones" \$80 to Close the Incident.

Chicago, July 10.—Ella Simmons, a mountain maid from East Tennessee, was wooed from Chicago by one Mr. Jones. He sent her \$30 to pay her fare here. Then they were to marry. She had never been five miles from home, but she wanted to marry.

Consulting her plans from her parents she ran away. She was first met by an agent of the Young Woman's Christian association at a railway station. She showed twenty love letters and a photograph. The police recognized the picture as that of T. F. Hansell, head of a mail order house and married for years.

The beautiful expression in those last eight lines is calculated to make the wife hold herself in, for fear the husband will carry out the threat of economy. What binding do you prefer? Thanks for the order. T. F. Hansell—Kansas City Times.

ABRUZZI WRITES THAT
HE'LL BE HOME NEXT MONTH.
Rome Gossips Are Confident Now That After All He Will Wed Miss Elkins.

Rome, July 10.—A letter is said to have been received here from the Duke of the Abruzzi announcing that he hopes to be at home again by the end of August.

If the report of this early return is accurate it gives color to the rumors current in Rome that the Duke of the Abruzzi is planning to marry the daughter of Stephen R. Elkins and her daughter, Miss Katherine Elkins, is to meet the Duke.

Therefore, the gossips are again saying that the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Elkins are to be married after all.

After apparently having given up hope that the Italian royal family would consent to his marrying Miss Katherine Elkins, the Duke of the Abruzzi sailed from Marseilles, France, March 26, for Bombay, India, and plunged into the Himalaya Mountains.

On May 26 he was at the foot of the Godwin-Austin peak, the highest known summit in the world except Mount Everest.

Mrs. Elkins and her daughter arrived in Antwerp, Belgium, June 30. When that fact became known in Rome, a story was immediately started that the Abruzzi-Elkins romance was to be renewed.

When overheated take a glass of food "Salada" Tea. It will prove most refreshing. As delightful as a dip in the sea.

A Bargain.

"Mr. Gutcheng, you said you'd give me a quarter for a look of a hair."

"Yes, Chester."

"Well, here's the whole switch. Just cut off what you want."—Kansas City Times.

A Hurry-up Medicine.

An effective remedy to be used when something must be done right away, is Perry Davis' Painkiller—for sprains and bruises, for strained muscles and for the aches and pains resulting from labor and falls. Pains cut are instantly relieved by it and speedily to healing. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'. Buy the new 3c. size.

WHEN OUT LATE.
Excuses in Rhyme for the Late Home-comer.

"Here's the very latest thing in literature," said the book agent, gingerly advancing his toe into the path of the closing door. "It is called 'The Compendium of Excuses.'"

The door slowly reopened. The book agent went calmly on:

"It contains a credible excuse for every crime in the social calendar. Suppose, sir, you are out a little later than usual. The old gags about the sick friend, the late stay at the office and the crippled owl wouldn't fool the youngest member of the Christian Endeavor society any more. You want something new. The 'Compendium of Excuses' supplies it."

"Come in," said the man in the doorway.

"Now," continued the book agent, "as an aid to the memory, the excuses are written in verse. Of course, if you prefer to state them in prose you are at liberty to do so. The form of excuse should depend largely upon the poetical or non-poetical sense of the person addressed."

The man in the doorway looked doubtful. "Let's hear some of 'em," he said.

"With pleasure," replied the book agent. "We will state a hypothetical case."

"It is 3 o'clock in the morning. You have been out imagining you were enjoying yourself. You are quite happy. You bound up the front steps. Your happiness oozes out. Your wife is waiting at the door. She says something. Depend on it, she says something. Do you pale? Not so you could notice it! Up pops your subconscious mind, loaded with the genius of the excuse book. You hand her Excuse No. 173:

"My dearest, darling, only wife
How sweet of you to wait,
Even though the partner of your life
Returns a little late.

"That will flatter her," disagreed the book agent, "and prepare her for the rest. You go on:

"If you're very keen to know
How I could stay away
From one I love and cherish so
Until the break of day

"Of course you know, my honey bunch,
It's not my fault at all.
I'd come home every day for lunch
Did not my business call?

"That'll make her think of the self-sacrificing way in which you toil down town all day," observed the book agent. "You see she's beginning to melt. Now's the time to spring the excuse. Here it is:

"Dear heart, I bought to-day for you
A handsome diamond ring.
It set me back a bit, 'tis true,
But money's not the thing.

"For as I ran to catch a car
'Twas then but 5 o'clock
I dropped the ring, my shining star,
And—twas an awful shock.

"Into an open hole it rolled,
And dropped, with scarce a sound,
In to sewer, dank and cold,
Which rumbles underground.

"What could I do? I racked my brain,
Then, like a lightning flash,
I thought, 'It must come out again.'
Enough! I made a dash.

"Where? Where but to the sewer's end,
Its outlet, one might say,
And there the night I had to spend
Until the break of day.

"Break of day is good," annotated the book agent, "and will account for the early hour. To continue:

"Long hours there I spent for you,
Oh, darling of my heart,
Before dejected, sore and blue,
I, ringless, would depart.

"And since the ring is lost and gone,
And cannot greet your eyes,
Beginning with this very dawn
We will economize.

"And starting from the morning on,
No saving will I deem,
Until, my own, soft-hearted fawn,
We'll buy another ring.

"Jove!" exclaimed the book agent, "a wonderful idea. He forgets nothing. The beautiful expression in those last eight lines is calculated to make the wife hold herself in, for fear the husband will carry out the threat of economy. What binding do you prefer? Thanks for the order. T. F. Hansell—Kansas City Times.

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MAGAZINE REVIEW.

In "The Fortifying Principle in Sweden," a brilliant article by Louise Collier Wilcox in the July number of The North American Review, we have a glimpse of the philosophy underlying the material masterpieces of the late poet. Mrs. Wilcox observes:

"To those who have once absorbed the philosophy of Browning, Mr. Swinburne offers the next step upward. Browning assured us, with every aspect of full conviction, that there should never be one lost good; that 'evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound'; that 'what was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more' on earth the broken areas, in heaven the perfect round."

Since it was impossible to close the eyes to the imperfections of this life, Browning accepted evil as a finite misconception, just our human, limited way of seeing the fragment instead of the whole; and the number of struggling and stumbling beings whom he set on their feet by his wide, courageous outlook, by his staunch promises of a future completion, by his hearty explanation that all the joy of growth and progress depended on a man's reach exceeding his grasp must never be underestimated or forgotten. Mr. Swinburne's offering was a different one. His poetic deliverance was far more spontaneous, more inspired, more perfect than Browning's; and, once the little matter of Browning's elisions mastered, Mr. Swinburne was frequently more difficult to follow owing to the wealth of imagery and the magnificence of vital felicities in which his thought went clothed."

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Ceresota Flour

is no impoverished bargain flour counter flour, but it is the best bargain flour when the loaves are weighed and counted.

That's why it's worth the price it brings. It is richest in gluten, retains its moisture longer and makes big, white delicious loaves.

The first bag of CERESOTA will convince you as much as a barrel. A trial will be enough.

peculiarity. The merchant buys a certain brand of cigars because he likes it, perhaps, or because it contains superior stock for the price and he thinks he can make a "leader" of it. The stock is good, but it does not hit the taste of the town and it will not sell. The alert commercial traveler who has an eye for bargains on the shelves of his customers, buys the entire stock at a "knockdown price"—say twenty-five per cent of what the merchant paid. He then takes it to another town, where the public taste is different, and sells it for a little under the regular price.

Perhaps groceries and drugs offer the best opportunities to the shrewd traveling man for this traffic in "dead stocks" but there is scarcely a line of trade which is devoid of these chances for the turning of an honest penny. One salesman, traveling out of Chicago, received a regular salary of \$1,800 a year but made double that amount in the rehandling of misfit goods. He is now worth \$65,000.

Instead of buying from a merchant only his stock of a certain brand of cigars or canned goods, the traveling commercial traveler often buys the entire store and puts it in charge of some energetic and capable clerk whose abilities have attracted his notice. There are hundreds of instances in which this has been done with great success, the "silent partner" still continuing to follow the "lead" and pick up goods adapted to his own trade from the dead stock of the merchants whom he visits in the capacity of commercial traveler.—Forrest Crissey, in the July Everybody's.

One in Every Eight Women Past 35 Dies of Cancer.

In all probability, cancer is the worst physical scourge with which we have to deal. It immediately destroys half as many lives as tuberculosis; but it is an even greater menace, because, whereas the mortality from tuberculosis steadily decreases year by year, that from cancer steadily increases. The actual facts even medical men themselves hesitate to discuss. How many realize, for example, that, in England, of all women who have reached the age of thirty-five years, one in every eight dies of cancer, and one in every seven men? Yet the latest official report of the registrar general of England coldly declares that this is the present situation. Whether the same figures apply to the United States cannot be determined with available statistics; but as living conditions and medical practice represent about the same standards